

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

One copy, one year..... \$1.50
One copy, six months..... .90
One copy, three months..... .50
No deduction from these rates under any circumstances.

As we are compelled by law to pay postage in advance on papers sent outside of Ohio county, we are forced to require payment on subscriptions in advance.

All letters on business must be addressed to JOHN P. BARRETT, Publisher.

DIRECTORY.

CHURCH DIRECTORY.
Baptist—have services first Sunday and Sunday night in every month and Saturday night preaching. W. P. Bennett, pastor.
M. E. Church—Services first Sunday in every month. W. W. Cook, pastor.
Union Sunday School every Sunday morning at half past eight o'clock.

COUNTY DIRECTORY.

CIRCUIT COURT.
Hon. James Stuart, Judge, Owensboro.
A. L. Morton, Clerk, Hartford.
Hon. B. Merrill, Master Commissioner, Hartford.
W. P. Phillips, Sheriff, Hartford. Deputies—
W. B. Wagner, Hartford, S. P. Taylor, Beaver Dam, S. Cooper, Fortville, S. L. Walker, Hagg's Falls.
Court begins second Mondays in May and November, and continues three weeks each term.

CRIMINAL COURT.
Hon. J. A. Murray, Judge, Cloverport.
Hon. Joseph Hays, Master Commissioner, Owensboro.
W. L. Wiles, Jailor, Hartford.
Court begins on first Mondays in April and October and continues two weeks each term.

COUNTY COURT.
Hon. W. F. Gregory, Judge, Hartford.
Capt. Sam. C. Cox, Clerk, Hartford.
Hon. J. P. Barrett, Attorney, Hartford.
Court begins on the first Monday in every month.

QUARTERLY COURT.
Begins on the first Mondays in January, April, July and October.

COURT OF CLAIMS.
Begins on the first Mondays in January and October.

OTHER COUNTY OFFICERS.
J. J. Leach, Assessor, Cromwell.
J. Smith, Deane, Surveyor, Sulphur Springs.
A. H. B. Bessell, Coroner, Sulphur Springs.
Hon. P. Hays, School Commissioner, Hartford.

MAJESTY'S COURTS.

WARRANT DISTRICT—NO. 1.

WARRANT DISTRICT—NO. 2.

WARRANT DISTRICT—NO. 3.

WARRANT DISTRICT—NO. 4.

WARRANT DISTRICT—NO. 5.

WARRANT DISTRICT—NO. 6.

WARRANT DISTRICT—NO. 7.

WARRANT DISTRICT—NO. 8.

WARRANT DISTRICT—NO. 9.

WARRANT DISTRICT—NO. 10.

WARRANT DISTRICT—NO. 11.

WARRANT DISTRICT—NO. 12.

WARRANT DISTRICT—NO. 13.

WARRANT DISTRICT—NO. 14.

WARRANT DISTRICT—NO. 15.

WARRANT DISTRICT—NO. 16.

WARRANT DISTRICT—NO. 17.

WARRANT DISTRICT—NO. 18.

WARRANT DISTRICT—NO. 19.

WARRANT DISTRICT—NO. 20.

WARRANT DISTRICT—NO. 21.

WARRANT DISTRICT—NO. 22.

WARRANT DISTRICT—NO. 23.

WARRANT DISTRICT—NO. 24.

WARRANT DISTRICT—NO. 25.

WARRANT DISTRICT—NO. 26.

WARRANT DISTRICT—NO. 27.

WARRANT DISTRICT—NO. 28.

WARRANT DISTRICT—NO. 29.

WARRANT DISTRICT—NO. 30.

WARRANT DISTRICT—NO. 31.

WARRANT DISTRICT—NO. 32.

WARRANT DISTRICT—NO. 33.

WARRANT DISTRICT—NO. 34.

WARRANT DISTRICT—NO. 35.

WARRANT DISTRICT—NO. 36.

WARRANT DISTRICT—NO. 37.

WARRANT DISTRICT—NO. 38.

WARRANT DISTRICT—NO. 39.

WARRANT DISTRICT—NO. 40.

WARRANT DISTRICT—NO. 41.

WARRANT DISTRICT—NO. 42.

WARRANT DISTRICT—NO. 43.

WARRANT DISTRICT—NO. 44.

WARRANT DISTRICT—NO. 45.

WARRANT DISTRICT—NO. 46.

WARRANT DISTRICT—NO. 47.

WARRANT DISTRICT—NO. 48.

WARRANT DISTRICT—NO. 49.

WARRANT DISTRICT—NO. 50.

WARRANT DISTRICT—NO. 51.

WARRANT DISTRICT—NO. 52.

WARRANT DISTRICT—NO. 53.

WARRANT DISTRICT—NO. 54.

THE HARTFORD HERALD.

"I COME, THE HERALD OF A NOISY WORLD, THE NEWS OF ALL NATIONS LUMBERING AT MY BACK"

VOL. 3.

HARTFORD, OHIO COUNTY, KENTUCKY, OCT. 17, 1877.

NO. 41.

There's a Beautiful Land by the Spouter Untrod.

From a new volume just published by G. B. Stebbins of Detroit, Michigan, entitled "Poems of the Life to Come." There's a Beautiful Land, by the Spouter untrod Unpolluted by sorrow or care; It is lighted along by the presence of God, Whose throne and whose temple are there. Its crystalline streams, with a murmuring flow, Meander through valleys so green, And its mountains of Jasper are bright in the glow. Of a splendor no mortal hath seen, And throngs of glad singers with jubilant breath, Make the air with their melody rife, And one known on earth as the Angel of Death Shines here as the Angel of Life! An infinite tenderness beams in his eyes; On his brow is an infinite calm; And his voice, as it thrills through the depth of the skies, Is as sweet as the Seraphim's psalm.

Through the aethereal groves of the Beautiful Land, Walk the souls who were faithful in life; And their forebears, star-crowned, by sephyr are fanned, That evermore murmur of bliss; They taste the rich fragrance that hangs from the trees, And breathe the sweet odors of flowers More fragrant than ever were kissed by the breeze In Araby's loveliest bowers.

Old Prophets, whose words were spirit of flame Blazing out o'er the darkness of time; And martyrs, whose courage no tortures could tame, Nor turn from their purpose sublime; And saints and confessors, a numberless throng Who were loyal to Truth and to Right, And left as they walked through the darkness of Wrong, Their footsteps enlivened with light.

And their dear little children, who went to their rest, Their spirits' pure temple within— All are there—all are there—in the Beautiful Land, The Land by the Spouter untrod, And their forebears, star-crowned by sephyr are fanned, That blow from the Garden of God!

FRAGMENTS OF THE EARLY HISTORY OF OHIO COUNTY.

BY H. D. TAYLOR.

CHAPTER XXVII.

As the reader is perhaps already aware, the foregoing twenty-six chapters were written and published some years ago in the Owensboro Herald. It was at that time intended to notice the families of various pioneer settlers of the county who remained permanent citizens, and whose posterity now form a large portion of our population, and still perpetuate in various degrees the moral and social virtues of their ancestors, for a long life of observation has convinced the writer of these sketches that moral, as well as physical virtues and vices are hereditary, and that while we recognize this fact in raising our stock, we almost entirely ignore it in the perpetration of the human race.

The publication, for reasons unnecessary to explain, has long been suspended, and although the writer now attempts to continue these sketches of families, it must be imperfect, as many incidents then vivid in his memory have faded by age, and the heads of those families now slumber in death and can furnish no facts.

Perhaps among the most numerous descendants of early settlers, is the family of Bennetts. Old John Bennett, (called Governor—perhaps from his numerous family) with his sons Jeffrey, John, Samuel, Heuben, Asa, Tins, Obed and George, were among the first settlers on No Creek. The old man and most of his sons were industrious, frugal, sober, honest, farmers, and the descendants of the Bennett family are now intermarried and mixed with most of our population, and with few exceptions perpetuate the virtues of the chamber of commerce, and on the 11th day of the month he was nominated for Governor of his State—the Hon. William S. Smith.

Twenty-seven years ago this winter, I was teaching school, sixty miles west of Chicago, in DeKalb county, Illinois, where I became acquainted with a Scotch family. They were also poor, but very respectable—by that I mean they were good, sober, industrious, moral people. They had a son named John, who helped his father all day on the farm and at night he studied in the chimney corner by fire-light to improve his mind. He did not have the time or the means to attend a frivolous hop or a country shindig. He soon became a good scholar, taught school several years in Tennessee; went to Chicago; studied law; went into the army as a private, and came out a general; was sent to the legislature, made lieutenant-governor, and at last became the chief executive of the fifth State in the Union. I refer to the Hon. John L. Beveridge.

Twenty-five years since a poor boy lived near Ruddle's Mills, in Bourbon county, Kentucky. His mother died, when he was very young, and he was left to scuffle for himself. He went with his father to Dry Ridge, Grant county, Kentucky, where he attended the poor schools of that day, but he had ambition. He kept out of the company of young men who loafed themselves with pistols and bad whiskey. Shortly afterwards went into an office to prepare his mind to comprehend the great principles that underlie the honorable and honest practice of law, and the most popular man to-day in the Democratic party, Governor Hendricks only beat that gentleman for Governor by eight hundred votes. I refer to the Hon. Thomas Brown, of Indianapolis.

Thirty years since a lad went from Fleming county, Kentucky, to try his fortune in the city, amid the busy marts of trade—of him I know but little except that he was very punctual to keep his word in all business transactions. On Sabbath he went to church where he have seen him for ten nights in succession. He prospered in business, had a large and liberal mind and was the principal projector and promoter of the Great

The writer has but an indistinct recollection of the head of the Rensler family. A large, portly old gentleman, silvered over with grey, riding a fat horse, is as far as his recollection extends. George, Robert, and Joshua, were his sons and the early settlers of those once thrifty farms in the vicinity of the Rensler and McHenry coal mines. They were all strict members of the Baptist church, industrious, honest and peaceable members of society. Colonel Joshua Rensler died at about middle age, leaving a large family of children, all of whom so far as known, are doing well. George Rensler, the oldest son, was a preacher, well accepted where he was known, but spent most of his time on his farm, and only preached on such suitable occasions as occurred, receiving no pay or salary from the churches, but was a man of remarkable strength and melody of voice, which at times were pleasing and enlivening to the hearer. The following story used to be told of an old sister's description of his services: "Well, sister H," said a neighbor, "did you hear brother Rensler preach last Sunday?" "Yes indeed I did." "Well, what for a sermon did you have?" "Oh, a most excellent one." "What was the text?" "Well, now, I don't remember the text, but it was one of the best sermons I ever heard." "Well, what was the subject?" "Well, now, I can't tell you that, but I do believe it was the best sermon I ever heard, it had such heavenly tone to it." His children, so far as recollected, all died early in life, and Green and George Rensler and Rev. James Austin, his grandchild, rank among our best citizens. Robert Rensler would have been a model citizen in any community, though modest and unassuming almost to a fault, he was a man of unusual good sense and sound judgment. He was seldom passed by when a juror, road-viewer, commissioner, or arbitrator was needed in his vicinity. His good practical sense and scrupulous honesty always pointed him out as the man—and few men were more interesting when engaged in a social frolic. He left a large circle of descendants, none of whom it is hoped will ever tarnish the name of so good a man.

More Reasons Why Kentuckians Should not go There.

We have been permitted to copy the following extract from a letter written about the 20th of August by a citizen of Texas to his brother living in Nelson county—Nelson County Record.

"I saw in the Nelson County Record an article copied from a Dallas paper warning emigrants not to come to Texas—to go back. It is true, and I would join the chorus and echo 'go back.' I have not had enough rain since about the 1st of June to run a barrel of water off of my house, all put together, and not enough at any one time to lay the dust good. Stock water is scarce now than it has been at any one time since I came to the State, eight years ago. All railroad towns are overstocked with tramps and emigrants, and there is not enough made in the country to supply the demands. I learn from a lady who lives at Fort Worth, some two hundred miles west, that the people are on the point of starvation. The grasshoppers eat up everything, even the grass on the prairie. The people have to go from twenty to forty miles for hay to feed their stock. The mercury stands from 90 to 100 degrees through the day, and the nights almost cold enough for frost. We have no dew at all."

What Five Poor Boys Accomplished by Industry.

John L. Stenton in Cynthiana News: Thirty-six years ago this fall, I met a young man in Michigan, who had recently come from Scotland. He was walking along an inland lake; was poor and unknown and but coarsely clad, with a remnant of a cheap gaiter on his head. I afterwards sat in school with that lad. He paid close attention to his studies; was the esteem of his teacher, who spoke of the village merchant about his steady scholar. He went into that store; proved honest and capable. In two years he accepted a clerkship in a large New York house at a fine salary. In eight years more he went west, to Wisconsin, and opened up business for himself—was temperate in all his habits; never drank whisky, gambled or 'dealt' in cards; and when we met in 1865, he was a banker. He was twice elected to the Legislature; made State Senator in 73-4. He traveled extensively in Europe and Asia; held audience with the Emperor of Germany and Queen Victoria; visited Palestine and the city of Jerusalem. Returned to Milwaukee, and went into business once more. He was elected president of the chamber of commerce, and on the 11th day of the month he was nominated for Governor of his State—the Hon. William S. Smith.

Must, but True.

There is said to be a young man in the Missouri penitentiary whose parents at their death, left him a fortune of \$50,000. There is where his parents made a fatal mistake. If they had taken the precaution to invest that sum in a small dog and shot him, and then had simply left the young man a jack-plane or a wood saw, with printed instructions how to use it, the chances are that, instead of being in the penitentiary, he would to-day have been gradually but surely working his way up to a handsome competency and an honorable old age. But ever since the days of Adam and Eve, parents have made it a point to struggle all their lives to realize a sufficient sum of money to purchase, when they are dead and gone, their sons such a first-class through ticket to the devil, and it is not much to be wondered at that so many of their sons, reared in vice and idleness, as too many of them often are, have no higher ambition than to invest their inheritance in just that sort of transportation.

A Good Word for the Local Papers.

The New York Times says: You might as well forget your churches and school houses as to forget your local paper. It speaks to ten times the audience each week from beginning to end. It reaches you, and if it has a lower spirit, and less wisdom than a sermon, it has a thousand times better chance at you—going, as it does, to almost every house, you owe it to yourselves to rally liberally to its support, exact from it as able and high toned a character as you do from an educator in your midst. It is not beneath your notice and care, for it is your representative. Indeed, in its character, it is the consummation of importance, interest and welfare of you all. It is the aggregate of your acquaintance, and you cannot ignore it without most miserably depreciating yourselves."

SEED TIME AND HARVEST.

J. W. HONER.

God has made our wool or wool depend on a certain extent upon our own actions. He has given us in his holy book a great many illustrations and warnings to keep us from doing wrong, so that the sunset of life may be glorious. There is one expression in the Bible that has always struck me with peculiar force—"For whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." Life is likened to a field in which seed must be sown. If we are not sowing the good seed; some other hand is surely planting seeds which will bring the "tares," thorns and coarse weeds. As the sowing depends upon us, it is not an important matter to know what to sow? What seed to sow in order that our harvest may be profitable? Surely this is true. How careful the farmer is to get only the best seed.

A wonderful thing is a seed—The one thing deathless forever! The one thing changeless—utterly true, Forever old and forever new, And fickle and faithless never. We meet with people every day who are reaping just what they have sown. Some have never cared much what kind of seed-time they had, and as a consequence briars instead of flowers, cheat and not wheat constitute the harvest. Their lot seems a hard one, and may be, the question rises many times "What is the meaning of all this?" Mothers in Princeton to-day, who have tenderly watched for the child to result from the life of a son dearer than life, and have had their cheeks turn pale, and with bloodless lips and shuddering hearts stifled the cry of anguish that involuntarily rose from the hearts blasted by the bleak frost of disappointment. "Why is this, has God forgotten me?" No, mother, you have forgotten; your boy and yourself are only reaping what you have sown to be sown. The harvest is not to blame. The soil was not. Weeds thick and damp, fit emblem of a blasted life is the result. "For whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap." Do you know where your boy was last night? Did he come in late, head down, looking as if he were to disturb you in your slumber? Know you not that he is sowing the seeds of a life of shame, taking into his mouth that which will wither all the flowers in the wreath a mother's love has placed upon his brow? He may be quietly walking over a hidden mine, a volcano which will one day burst, and in the debris will be buried all your hopes.

Two late when the match has been applied to the train, or when you can hear the low rumble of the earthquake. Now is the time. Don't for one moment think that because he is your son he will never gather a bad harvest. Arouse you; make home attractive; cultivate his heart; sow in it only the seeds that will yield a harvest fit for an unending life.

The Famine in India.

The famine in India still prevails to a dreadful extent, "women and children are seen picking out the undigested kernels from old dung heaps; the lower castes are with difficulty prevented from cooking and eating the bodies of those who of our shrouds? Faithful pestilence has accompanied the famine; hunger spurs cholera attacks." A magistrate on the island called Paumotu writes to his brother in the United States as follows: "In one tale eight thousand died of starvation in a month. In our district seventy thousand died in May. Is it not terrible? You cannot imagine what scenes we Indians see and hear daily. Can you fancy a woman boiling and eating her own baby? That occurred not many miles from here only last week. When possible I superintend the giving of the food and have often seen the mothers take their children's share and eat it themselves."

Numbered.

The mackerel is a game fish. They ought to be well educated, for they always go in schools. They are very crazy to bite, and are caught with a piece of red flannel petticoat tied on a hook. They ain't the only kind of fish that are caught by the same kind or bait. Mackerel inhabit the sea, but those who inhabit the grocery always taste to me as tho they had been born and fattened on salt. They want a good deal of freshening before they are eaten, and want a good deal of freshening afterward. If I can have plenty of mackerel for breakfast, I can generally make the other two meals out of cold water. Mackerel are considered by many folks the best fish that swims, and are called "the salt of the earth."—Josh Billings.

Numbered.

"How are you getting along with your arithmetic?" asked a father of his little boy. "I've ciphered through addition, partition, subtraction, abomination, justification, hallucination, deprivation, amputation, creation and adoption." That boy would do for an engineer on a short-line railroad.

Numbered.

It will be seen by this that a commissioner does not have to declare a certificate forfeited; non-attendance at the institute does not forfeit the certificate. Are there any teachers now teaching with a forfeited certificate? Look out.

EDUCATIONAL.

EDITED BY W. L. HAWKINS.

The Breckenridge News has an "Educational Column" edited by T. G. Arnold. Professor Arnold once taught in Hartford, and made a host of warm friends here. His column is, we need not say, ably and especially gotten up. Success to him in all the walks of life. The News is one of our favorite exchanges.

Prof. Arnold, of Cloverport High School, has two hundred and seven pupils, of whom twenty are boarders.

O. S.—Your quotation is from Shakespeare's "Merchant of Venice."

"Have you any of the oleaginous extract of the lactical fluid produced by excessive agitation?" "No, sir; since the resumption of the license system, we don't keep drugs any more." He was asking for butter.

Educational Column Breckenridge News: We are glad to note the addition of an educational department to our already valuable exchange, the Hartford Herald. The department is ably edited by W. L. Hawkins, Principal of Hartford Seminary. We are glad to see that the teachers of Ohio county now have a month-piece, and we hope to hear much from them in regard to the educational condition and interests of our sister county. We hope the example of that paper and our own will be followed by all the local papers of the State; and we feel quite sure that if those teachers to whom this favor is extended are worthy of this attention, they will not only heartily appreciate it, but try to add to the usefulness and interest of the department by their contributions of original thoughts and local news.

Caneville has a "high" school in the upper story of a blacksmith shop.

I have not yet heard from any of the teachers on the subject of a county association. Nothing, I think, would so conduce to their improvement and interests generally, as a well attended and properly conducted association. Let us form one, and invite Prof. W. B. Hayward to become its President, and if he accepts, success is certain. I have said nothing to the Professor on the subject, but such is my abiding faith in his interest in education and educators, that I believe he would accept the position. Where will the first answer come from? Don't all speak at once, but be brisk about it.

A commissioner, without examination, cannot endorse, and therefore render valid for his own county, a certificate issued by the Board of Examiners of another county.—E. S. L.

The question of a school house at Caneville has been referred to the State Board. The law makes the commissioner's decision final.—E. S. L.

C. S.—I differ with your informant. I look upon our commissioner as competent and industrious. He has had a great deal of work to do, and labored under the disadvantage of living at too great a distance from his office. He has moved to town now, and you may look for good work.

G. J.—Come up and pay for it, and I will undergo a thorough examination for your special satisfaction. The first certificate I ever got was the highest recognized by the law, and I have never failed below, though I have been examined in several counties. This is the last notice such efforts to annoy me will receive in this column.

A capitation tax may be levied, by consent of the district, to build a new school house, when the old one has been consumed by fire, and the new one is not yet erected. It may not exceed two dollars, and may be levied as many years as necessary to pay for a school house. The capitation tax may be levied and the hands called out too.

The school house is absolutely under the control of the trustee. If used for other than school purposes, the consent of the trustee must be obtained.

The trustee has power to assess a capitation tax of not more than fifty cents for the purpose of providing the school house with fuel and for other contingencies incident to the comfortable conduct of the school. This capitation tax is for supplying the school, and entirely at the option of the trustee, while the other, for two dollars, is contingent upon the consent of district, and for the building of new school houses.

The September number of "Woman at Work," published at Louisville, and edited by Mrs. E. T. House, is before us. It is edited with great ability, and its typography presents a neat and attractive appearance. It is devoted to the interests, education and advancement of women. We welcome it to our exchange list. Price, 61 per annum.

P. J.—Thank you for your kind wishes, but you have been misinformed. Never thought of publishing an arithmetic, and if I ever said I was, would, only jesting. There are so many good ones that I cannot say as to which one is best. They are all good if properly studied.

W. D.—I use Butler's Practical, and his Critical Grammar, too, in my school. A teacher's certificate is forfeited if he fails to attend the institute, whether or not the commissioner has so declared. Willful absence works forfeiture by the operation of the law.—E. S. L., page 309, rem. 1.

It will be seen by this that a commissioner does not have to declare a certificate forfeited; non-attendance at the institute does not forfeit the certificate. Are there any teachers now teaching with a forfeited certificate? Look out.

Parents should strive to place their children where dying they would rejoice to leave them.

To do this, should be the studied aim of parental action. It is true that some children are, naturally prone to evil more than others, but a proper exercise, proper association and careful watch over them, will insure almost universal success in leading them into the road they should go, and from which in old age they will not depart. It is easy to make children love liquor—it is easy to make them hate it if you begin in time. It is easy to learn children to lie and steal—it is easy to teach them these things are wrong, if you only begin.

"Tis easier work if we begin, To serve the Lord in time."

We saw a handsome young man standing on the street corner, the other day, with red eyes and blotchy face. His father is wealthy, but all of his wealth will not bring sobriety for his son. That son, when arraigned for drunkenness recently, and forced to tell where he bought his liquor, answered, "I stole the keys from father's pocket and got into his liquor."

While fathers admit the tempter to their own cellars and side-board, children will fall, while the goblets are wreathed with the grapes of hospitality in the home circle, children will drink and drink to drunkenness, and die in dungeons of the prison house or be hanged for crimes dark as only ruin can lead to, and at last to eternal destruction. Oh, parents be careful, instill into the minds of your children the pure principles of temperance; write them in letters of fire upon their young hearts; teach them that words around the glass are only to hide an adder's sting within, and when they stand around your dying bed pledged to total abstinence, it will wreath your dying brow in flowers of happiness. Begin now, for you cannot begin too soon to record your example for your child.—Good Templars' Advocate.

INCORPORATION NOTICE.

1. We, Jas. A. Thomas, Z. Wayne Griffin, R. S. Moseley, Sam. R. Hill, A. T. Nall, William Hardwick, R. D. Walker, W. H. Moore, Henry D. McHenry, W. P. Barrett, William B. L. F. Warner, John Midkiff, Wm. C. Morton, E. H. Small, D. F. Tracy, Wm. T. King, John S. Vaughn, Edwards & Foster, E. C. Hubbard, Clarence Hardwick, George Klein & Bro., J. E. Yager, W. T. Cox, A. P. Hudson, Isaac Mendel, Foster & Condit, C. C. Shanks, F. M. Heavrin, John I. Felix, J. P. Barnett, J. W. Barrett, and James E. Collins, corporate persons, have, this, the 25th of August, A. D. 1877, organized a company in pursuance of the laws of this State, in such cases made and provided, under the name and style of the OHIO COUNTY FAIR COMPANY. The business of said Company will be transacted at its office in the town of Hartford, Ohio County, Kentucky.

2. The general nature of the business of said Company organized as aforesaid will be to hold one or more annual Fairs on the present site of their grounds near Hartford, Kentucky.

3. The amount of capital stock authorized by the charter is not to exceed \$5,000, to be paid in such sums and in installments, and at such times as the Board of Directors may from time to time direct.

4. This Company will commence business from this date, and will continue same for the space of twenty years, unless sooner dissolved by the vote of two-thirds of the then existing stockholders.

5. This Company will be offered by a President, Vice-President, Secretary, Treasurer, and five Directors, who, and each of whom, will hold their respective offices for one year. The annual meeting of said Company will be held in said town of Hartford, on the first Saturday in April of each year, at which time and place the officers aforesaid will be elected and installed.

6. The highest amount of indebtedness or liability to which the corporation is at any time to subject itself is \$500.